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A SELECT CIRCLE

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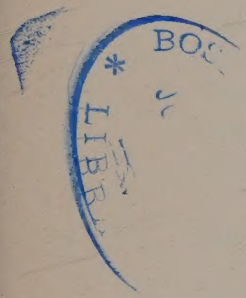

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—BY—

GEORGE WINSLOW PIERCE
Of Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Author of

Four Other Printed Books and Seven Songs,
Melodies and Words, Sheet Music
(with Portraits).

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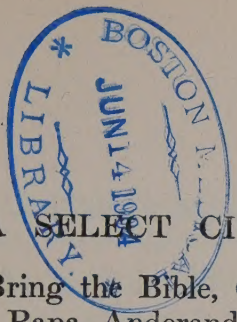


A SELECT CIRCLE.

"Bring the Bible, Celestine," said Papa Anderand. It contained, among other important things, the date of Papa's marriage, the week before Elena was born, who was to marry Reuben English.

"They are well suited to one another."

"Exactly alike! When I married your mother I took my opposite, believing that the short should marry the tall; the poor, the rich; the red, the pale; the fat, the slender; and see what a fine girl I have got to pay for it."

"You flatter me, Papa."

"You ought to be flattered, my love, and more too; and I

judge by the ringing of that bell—

"Papa!"

"Mr. Poland!" said the servant, "asks for Miss Anderand."

"I called to inquire," said Mr. Poland, after the morning salutations had been exchanged in the parlor, "if it would be well for us to prepare for the ceremony in which we are to take part by going over it together. We shall want to know how to do it ourselves."

"Mr. Poland, you are jesting."

"Will you have me in earnest? I love you, Celeste."

"I am half glad, Mr. Poland, and entirely sorry; glad to win

the regard of my friends, and sorry that you will be disappointed."

"Not in you."

"You would certainly be disappointed *in* me; and it is better for you to be disappointed *of* me. I am a very practical woman; there is not a bit of romance about me. You are a sportsman, and have day-dreams and write verses. There is nothing at all that adapts us to one another—and—I do not at all return your affection. We are friends, Mr. Poland; to answer your first question, I am quite ready—

"Excuse me, Miss An—

"Celeste, if you please."

"There is one more question I wish to ask."

"I am all attention."

"Have you answered me according to a theory you believe, or have I heard the answer of your heart?"

"Not my heart, Mr. Poland; that was not awakened."

(Mr. P. to himself.) "I'll answer the conclusions of her head —and *then*—

(The bell rings again.)

"Good-morning, Celeste."

"Good-morning, Mr. Jack."

"Mr. Bellows," said the servant, "asks for Miss Anderand."

"I came to ask," said Mr. Bellows, after the customary

salutations were ended, "as we were to take part—but why do you smile, Miss—

"Go on, Mr. Bellows; I beg your pardon.

You were saying—

"I'm blessed if I know what I was saying. *Celestine*—

"Mr. Bellows, I'm very inattentive this morning. I have a cake—will you excuse me one minute?"

(Mr. B. to himself.) "Confound this housekeeping. It's my cake that wants baking. What were servants—

"Now, Mr. Bellows, I am at liberty."

"*Celestine, my*—

"Tommy, will you do me a favor?"

"Most certainly."

"Will you give me your opinion of the prospect of war in Europe?"

(The bell rings.)

(Mr. B., rising.) "It is altogether too much talked about."

"Stay, Mr. Bellows."

"A letter," says the servant, "for Miss Anderand," who takes it, smiling and blushing just a little, but turning, without opening it, to her caller.

"If you and Mr. Poland, Mr. Bellows, would like to rehearse together, I am at your service at any time."

"Good-morning, Celestine."

"Good-morning, Mr. Bellows."

She meets her father in the doorway as she follows her caller. You were speaking of the bell, Papa, when I interrupted you, I fear it is broken."

"It is the belle in the parlor that is the cause."

"Indeed, Papa—

"You cannot help it, my dear; and I suppose (to himself as he goes out) they cannot, either."

A tall, graceful, elegant, elderly woman enters.

"Why, Mother, you are down early!"

"I trust I have not interrupted my daughter's tête-à-têtes."

"Indeed, I wish you had."

"Why, daughter?"

"To begin with, Mr. Poland has asked me to marry him, and

I have refused him, and Tommy—

"What of Master Tommy?"

"He was very near coming to the same point, but I interrupted him."

(The bell rings. The servant announces Mr. Munro.)

"Are you going to leave us, Mrs. Anderand; we might want your opinion?"

"My opinion, Mr. Munro, is at your service on any question which you may be unable to agree upon with my daughter."

"I thought after writing—

"I beg your pardon; I have not yet read your letter."

"I thought after writing I would withdraw my agreement

to stand up with Reuben, while fully appreciating his friendship. It postpones my voyage; and two couples—

"Why, Henry—I mean—I am surprised. Is that what you have written me in this letter?"

"I am—you will laugh at me."

"Speak out. We are friends. And fear nothing."

"I'm moody, and am not fit to be present. I'm sick and ought to go away. And then, besides, I'm too much interested in one of the bridesmaids. Nothing goes right with me. I am poor. There is nothing practical about me. I take trips, write verses, dream day and night, am full of fancies, and

have no heart for serious work, no sense, you might say."

"Common sense, Mr. Munro, is a drug nowadays; but there is a market for romance."

"I cannot regard this life as serious; it seems to me but the setting of the life we live in imagination; and, besides—

"Say no more, Henry; I understand you. I believe you are right. Our real life *is* a romance. We could not endure it otherwise, an endless round of calls and ceremonies. We all go with you if you must go. And do not forget your friends at home. I shall read your verses and your letters with interest whenever I find them in the papers, or you

are kind enough to remember me personally. You are not poor with your accomplishments, nor very sick, if you will believe me. Good-by, my dear friend, a pleasant journey and safe return to you."

"Good-by, Miss Anderand—

(She gives him a look.)

"My *dear* Miss Anderand."

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

"Now *I* can't go to the ceremony," said she to herself, "O dear me!"

The bell rings again. A card for Miss Celeste.

"I cannot see him," said she to the servant; "I am sick."

"Is my opinion required, my daughter?" asks the mother, in her room up-stairs.

"O dear, no, Mother; he said he was poor, and sick, which I couldn't deny, and romantic, and moody, and writes verses, and has dreams, which he is welcome to be and do, and didn't ask me anything at all, not even for sympathy, unless indirectly, which he had just the same."

"He is a fine lad. There is something about him, I don't know what, which makes me think of another life than this."

"He is in love, Mother, with one of the bridesmaids."

"Which one?"

"It would not be hard to tell

that. It would be a heartless girl that would ill treat him."

"Did he say which one?"

"I know it isn't *me*."

Celestine has gone to her own room and on the way has dropped—catch it, some fairy, crystallize it, and set it in gold, with a charm round it!—a tear.

"Poor Henry!" said she. "I wish he were happy. He said he was poor—and so am I."

Three years have passed. Mother Anderand is a widow. Papa died of apoplexy, was buried yesterday. The will, returning his wife's real estate, which was used to give him credit in his business, is contested, or will be, and the executorship, by creditors. The bell rings. "The ladies" are inquired for, and Celestine goes down to excuse her mother, without stopping to look at the card.

"Why, Elena!"

"Why, Celestine; I should not know you! Do not take it so hard. My papa, too, is dead; and your mother's fortune is sufficient."

"It goes to his creditors, but

never mind that. Poor papa!—I mean poor me!"

"Your mother—

"Is happy. She says she did everything she could for him and owes me to him in this life, and will soon join him in the next. And how is your husband, and the baby?"

"Very well. Reuben has heard from Henry Munro."

"Is it all in that letter? Let me take it and read it and send it back to you, not to interrupt our conversation."

The caller departs and the next one announced is Mr. Poland.

"Celeste," he says; "you have my sympathy in your double

misfortune. I have succeeded my grandfather in his business and shall build a new house. May I ask if the practical in life still overrules the romance, in your mind?"

"Alas! no, Mr. Poland; I have come round entirely to your way of thinking."

"Then will you permit me, Celeste, as we have been friends so long, to offer you again all that there is in me and for me—

"Alas! Mr. Poland, I might ask for your sympathy; I cannot accept your love."

(Mr. P. to himself.) "What new understanding of this woman have I got to have?" Another caller is announced, and

Mr. P. goes. Next day comes Mr. Bellows, the other groomsman, and is admitted.

"Celestine—

"Excuse me, Tommy, I have a question I want to ask you."

"Please ask it, then; that is, if you please."

"How could I earn a living?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean we are poor; and I must earn my own support."

"I really just know of but one good situation—

"Tommy!"

"I will inquire. Good-morning."

"You know my name."

"Good-morning, Celestine."

"Good-morning, Tommy."

The next day, by the introduction of friends, Celestine, a good penman, begins as a copyist in the Registry of Deeds.

And then comes the contest for the executorship. The will prevails, friends come forward with heavy bonds, and the sale of the estate is put off for a little while. Henry Munro has had good luck and has taken the mortgages for an investment, with money he has sent home; and the rents are paying the interest and a little more. The business was all done through Reuben, who pronounced it safe; and Henry himself was willing enough. He would lose, if need be, for old friends, he wrote; and

Celeste's refusal to accept his offer came too late. She had not been consulted, but wrote a remonstrance, and received a very kind letter:

"My dear friend,—I am happy to hear that you are better. We could not think of accepting your charity, for charity it is, while ever rejoicing in your good fortunes.

Sincerely yours,
C. ANDERAND."

"My dear Miss Anderand,—No less a friend than Reuben English has invested my money, with no thought of charity. Accept my sympathy and kind remembrance. HENRY MUNRO.

I am coming home some time next year.

That was all there was to it, but to Celestine it was plain enough. The world is wide. Real life begins where the feelings of our youth leave off, except to such of us as are permitted to live our romance.

Mrs. Anderand died. She had lived out three score and ten. The rents improved; but Celestine continued to do copying, till one day her attorney, a Mr. Spenser, called upon her.

"I have called to congratulate you, Miss Anderand, on the present arrangement of your affairs in my hands, and I want to say that it is quite unnecessary, in my opinion, for you to work out."

"My choice is made," was her reply.

"If you *will* work I could afford to pay you a considerable advance on your present wages in my own office."—

"If you would listen to me I would offer you all I have and myself into the bargain."

"No, Mr. Spenser."

The next week Mr. S. was missing, and his defalcations were in the papers. He had been Papa's counsel; and concealed claims were now discovered. Word came from Munro to invest in these, too. "No," wrote Celeste; "you own now everything but me. Pray keep your money. Sincerely yours——" and he would not take the hint. Then came the sale.

"You need not hurry," was the message to Celeste, who was preparing to remove. Henry Munro had bid it all in.

She could not refuse an offer to allow her to redeem it in time and save her home, although now the margin was the other

way, the copying helping to fill the gap.

Finally he comes back and she receives him with smiles and tears, his health improved, and asks her advice. "You know, I suppose, of my regard for Fannie Tiverton (another bridesmaid). She is unmarried and inclined to favor me. That would bring me back; but my good fortune has departed. I had to borrow, on my honor, to get home, and must have help, or sell you out. Ought I to tell her that, too? She knows of my good luck and has some money in her own right. We might be independent if united, and you might also." Poor Celeste could

hardly answer, "If she cares not enough for you to bear your ill as well as your good fortune, she is, I fear, unworthy of you. As a matter of conscience you know yourself, without asking me, whether to tell her. Do not ask me too much. I do not understand business very well and am not very well myself. I am glad to see you; and I am sorry, I am sorry—I don't know why."

He came back next day. "She says she appreciates my devotion and my honesty, and will give me an answer next week—

"She will?"

"She will."

"O Henry!"

"What, my dear friend?"

"A true woman would have given her answer then and there."

"I thought as much; but I was a suitor; it was not for me to find fault."

"You love her?"

"Don't I?"

"Does she love you?"

"That, indeed, I have asked myself."

The houses were now all let to lodgers. He took a front room and Celeste went up into the back attic in what had been her home, and they held on, it was the best they could do, till the market should rise; and then everything went on in a hum-

drum, old-fashioned way. The world grew older, but no wiser nor better, and they, too, grew older, perhaps wiser, but hardly any happier.

It was Elena's doorbell that rang next, and the servant ushered in a lady. "Why, Fannie!"

"I was afraid, Elena, I should not find you at home."

"You look as if you had some news to tell me."

"It is about Henry. He has never given me any peace. I thought as I was not yet married I might as well—it might be my fate—accept him, when he wrote me all about his good fortune."

"Do you love him, Fannie?"

"I don't love anybody. I respect and like him."

"What would you rather be, if you had your choice in life?"

"I would rather be a rich widow."

"Why does he love you, Fannie?"

"That's what I have asked him, again and again, what he sees in me and why he cares for me—and he cannot give me an answer."

"I will tell you. It's because he sees the angel in you; sees what you do not see yourself and never will if you continue to lead a selfish life. I don't deny your fascinations, or rather, perhaps, he sees what you might be with a

share of his nobleness of character—what your children would be if his. I am getting beyond my depth. I beg your pardon if I have offended you, Fanny; but whatever he sees or feels, for he may not see it, it is something more than you are to your other friends, or even yourself, or ever will be, unless a change should come into your life. You are opposites. He is reserved and rather conceals his strongest feelings. You, on the other hand, could make any man believe, if you tried, that you were in love with him."

(The bell rings.) "It is only Mr. Poland. He is going to ride horseback with me and Reuben this afternoon."

"Couldn't you get me an invitation to go too?"

"O yes; why not?"

Mr. P. comes in and shakes hands; and Miss T. remarks, "This is an unexpected pleasure."

"I've come to ask Mrs. Elena to excuse me from an engagement I had with them for this afternoon. Matters of business demand my attention at the store. There is nobody else to attend to them properly."

"Certainly, Jack; but you have disappointed both of us."

"Why so?"

"O Mrs. English," interrupted Fannie, "I forgot all I was going to tell you."

"Please excuse me," said he.

"You are not going, Mr. Poland?"

"If you please, Mrs. English. Good-morning, Miss Tiverton; good-morning, Elena."

"Well, that was cool," said Miss Tiverton after he had gone; "I really believe he understood you."

"Oh, no; how could he? I didn't say anything."

"You said *'both of us'* as plain as you could speak."

"Well, if I did, was that not what you wanted?"

"Let me give you a maxim: Never fire the gun after the game is out of sight."

"Oh, ho!"

"But I must go. There's Mr. Evans standing on the corner waiting for a car. Good-morning."

"Do you know him?"

"Not to speak to him."

Off she goes, while Mrs. English exclaims to herself, "And a married man, too!"

Some one enters the door. "Reuben, is that you?"

"It is I, my dear."

"I've had two callers: Jack, to excuse himself for this afternoon, and Fannie Tiverton, who has left me to ride down town with Mr. Evans."

"I saw them pass, sitting opposite, alone in the car."

"She does not know him to

speak to, she says."

"They were not talking, but appeared to be making eyes at one another, at least he was. Her back was towards me."

"Foolish girl!"

"She may be foolish; but her folly is all carefully calculated, in my opinion."

"You never liked her."

"She was your choice, my dear, for the most delightful occasion of my life."

"My Reuben!"

"And you haven't kissed me yet. How do you do, and how have you been, this morning?"

"Quite well; but I'm always better for seeing you."

"Here comes Henry; we'll

ask him to ride with us."

"He can take Testy, which needs exercise, but which you and I are a little afraid of."

"He's afraid of nothing."

"He can manage a horse, but doesn't know how to manage a woman."

"You ought to have seen him riding the mare, with me on Topsy, to the stable, the last time we were out together."

"What did she do?"

"She threw up her heels before he got off; something pricked her, I suppose, about the saddle, and he, he just laid that whip over her fore quarters till it did me good, and the mare stood still, all of a tremble.

Then he spoke gently and she walked in and let him get off in the stable. He was lame next day. She had strained him across the small of the back, somehow or other; but he was ready to try her again."

"He is of a very determined disposition."

"Not to be trifled with."

"But he is trifled with just the same."

"Women, my dear, are not alike; and there are few of them like you."

She gives him a kiss, which ends the conversation.

Then Fannie Tiverton was reported engaged. She was mar-

ried; and her husband went into business with her brother Sam. They failed and lost a good share of father's money. And then her husband sickened, pining away with dyspepsia and consumption, until within three years he died. Her father had died, and she was what she wanted to be, a rich widow.

There was a Young Ander- and all this time, but it has not been necessary to mention him; short and fat, indeed, like his father, and with his father's shrewdness and good nature. He had brought up the business to its former footing, and has just married the girl of his choice, pretty and spiritual, and

—shall I say it?—very rich in possession and expectation. They redeem the old house; and Henry Munro has given notice. He is too poor to continue to pay for his lodging in the front room up two flights, and has just asked Miss Anderand to excuse him, at the end of the fortnight.

"You saved my home; you were my friend when I needed one most and had no other—and now you are going."

"I have had my pay, principal and interest; and all our troubles are happily settled. This is a house for the rich; I cannot support myself in it and am out of place."

"It is *my* house; and I shall never be rich while you are poor."

And then he would not take the hint.

"You will at least make us a visit. The rent is nothing; we should not let the room if you gave it up."

"I could not take your money or its equivalent."

"You could risk yours."

It was settled, at last, that the rent should cease and he should share the hospitalities of the family for a fortnight; "and then," said she, "if you must go, you must; and wherever you go we all go with you. You are getting nothing but thanks for

a service which *I* could never fully repay."

"I could not draw on your gratitude."

"It is not all gratitude."

"Whatever it is, my dear friend," said he, rising and taking her hand, "I have not deserved it and must not take advantage of it." He looks at his watch. "Good-morning, my dear Miss Anderand."

"Good-morning, Henry," she said with a smile and a tear in her eye at the same time, and watched him from the window as he stepped down the street, but did not look back. The door had opened unnoticed and let in Elena; and the next min-

ute, as she turned round, the two women fell into one another's arms, both shedding tears, without a word. Then Elena sat down. She was full of life and plans for the week, and had a little piece of news for Celestine, which she told with quite unnecessary confidence and secrecy, but which gave them an excuse for kissing one another. She was in love, entirely, with her own husband; and he deserved it. "We are not romantic," said she, "but we love one another. I cannot remember when I didn't know him and wasn't fond of him."

"It is better," said Celestine, "than being romantic, and not

being beloved; but, after all, there is happiness in love if it *is* clouded"—checking herself.

"Let them speak who know," was the reply; and then they kissed each other again.

"And your brother and *sister?*"

"Will be here to lunch, delighted to see you."

"O, my dear, it is late; I have quite forgotten my list of errands. Can you go with me?"

"Not to-day, but to-morrow or the day after. Good-by, dear."

"Good-by, dear; and be happy! There is everything in store for such as you."

"In Heaven, perhaps," says

Celestine to herself, as she stands smiling in the doorway, looking after her friend, the bright morning sun throwing a glory on a cloud of golden hair, an erect figure, and sweet youthful face, which justifies her name.

A dark man has got in, the next day but one, to a street car; heavily built, rather cast down, with a great strong jaw; and the car stops for two ladies. They are Elena and Celestine, signalling the conductor from the sidewalk. He does not see them as they take their seats, being abstracted, with other persons between, when, suddenly, in the

street is a great hue and cry. "Mad dog! Mad dog!" and a rush from behind. In an instant the car is cleared—all but the two ladies and Henry Munro, and a great shaggy brute has rushed into it with mouth open and dripping jaws. Elena dashes past out at the front end, the way the rest went, and the beast has thrown himself on Celeste and is tearing her dress. A rush like a bolt and Henry is struggling on the floor, with the beast's throat in his powerful hands, uttering himself short, fearful growls as the animal wrestles and tears right and left his bosom and sleeves, and spatters his face and them with

blood and foam. Celeste stands by him perfectly still. "Can I do anything?"

"There is a knife in my right breast pocket. Open the big blade and cut him, if you can, in the side of his throat, as deep as—

The struggles increase and are too much for her slender assistance; but Henry Munro will not let go.

She has taken a pistol from the grasp of one of the pursuing policemen, which she knows how to shoot, for Henry had taught her in the gallery, and kneeling down almost touches it to the brute's forehead as he lies on his back tossing his foaming head

about. A sharp discharge, and blood and foam and smoke are dashed again into Henry's face and over his breast; but his hands let go, and he half rises and reels. She holds out her hands, then loses her balance and both come down together, half on their knees, but the strong arms of policemen suddenly support them from behind. She recovers first, has him in a carriage and is leading him out and up the stairway, with the driver's help, who finally takes him in arms and deposits him in his own bed.

He is bitten a little and bleeds a good deal, but the doctor says, an hour later, the shock has not

hurt him, that he can see, and the wounds will detain him but a day or two. Celeste would not leave him, and had not taken her eye off from him during the examination. The depth of his chest and the swelling muscles of his forearms, washed now and dressed, were a sight to be seen.

Celeste was kneeling at his bedside when he opened his eyes.

"Do not grieve, Celestine; I am not hurt, are you?"

"I was praying and thanking God, for you and myself."

"You were a brave girl. I could not much longer have fought the beast."

"I know a little you have taught me, and am not, I trust,

a coward—but it makes me sick to think of it. They say he weighed a hundred pounds! How fortunate—how unfortunate—you were on the car! You saw us get in?"

"I did not, nor know it was you, till I heard your voice, 'Can I do anything?' as if it were a party or a picnic. Then I knew it at once."

"O, Henry!"

"What, my dear friend?"

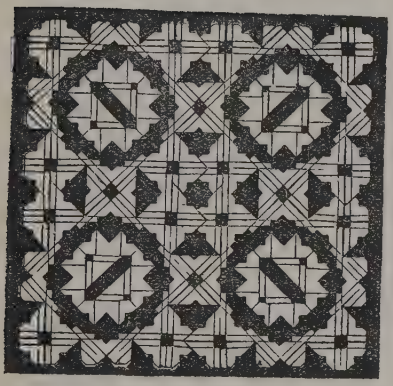
"I wish you had known in the beginning—that it was I."

"Indeed, I'd have done exactly the same."

"I would rather have spared you, but—I wish—that you had known."

BOSTON MEDICAL LIBRARY JUN 14 1904

Ruby Anderand English enters the family Bible.



It was a clear case of saving a life at least, from injury at the mouth of a beast; and the fortnight's visit was indefinitely prolonged. He was just able, when it was out, to go about, a feverish weakness having kept him for a day or two indoors.

"I don't dare to think," said Celestine, "that the dog was—

"Pooh! no," said Henry; "and what if he was? I have long prayed for just such an opportunity."

"I am jealous of you both," said Elena next day "I want Henry to make a visit to us. I was never so terrified in my life; I thought of Reuben, and myself, and—and—*everybody,* all

in one minute, and that my time had come to die."

"Not for a good while, I hope, for all our sakes," was Henry and Celestine's reply.

"It turned me to stone when I heard of your courage, my dear."

"Henry has complimented it," said Celestine.

"Whom he calls brave must be brave, indeed," said she, and to herself, going out, "I never knew two such people in my life; they are not made for this world."

And now Henry is up and ready to visit his other friend.

"You have got to come back," said Celestine.

"Indeed!"

"Indeed and indeed, you have got to come back," said she, coming forward and putting her hands on his shoulders as he sat still; "or I shall not let you go."

And so it was settled, he should come back. When she insisted, some how or other, there was no opposing or contradicting her. Her own father had felt this and submitted to it, a something which checked him, a voice as of some superior being.

"What a fine house you've built, and can well afford, Mr. Poland," said Elena in her parlor, a few days later; "now what you want is a wife to put into it."

"There is only one woman, Mrs. English, "if I keep my present mind, could fill it."

"You are too particular, and, I believe, a little romantic."

"She has taught me to be practical; and Henry Munro is teaching her romance."

"Nobody grudges him."

"Not for his own benefit. He cannot help it; there is something undefined about him, a great looming character."

"Florence."

"Yes, Aunty."

"This is my niece from California, Mr. Poland, you have heard me speak of; her father is—

"A miner, Aunty."

"A miner and a very—

"Dear papa."

"What a resemblance!"

"Such a compliment, Mr. Poland, from a stranger!"

"Indeed, it is a compliment to me, Florence, from a sweet pair of rosy lips."

"Never mind, Aunty, till I get you alone; and I'll compliment you more than that. Is this the gentleman you were speaking to me about yesterday?"

"She means Henry (to Mr. P. with a smile). Mr. Poland and I were just talking of him."

"Well, Aunty, I wouldn't interrupt your conversation, nor Mr. Poland. Pray resume it."

Such a picture she made, with lips partly open, abundant brown hair, shading towards black, plump as a robin, and a little, only a little, below medium height, blue gray eyes, and listening with eyes and ears, coming nineteen.

"He is poor."

"In what respect?"

"In purse."

"Go on; we are all poor in something and can't help it."

"You are a philosopher, Miss Florence—I beg your pardon—

"Talcott, Mr. Poland—beginning to be."

"Why, she has answered both my questions in one."

"And if you ask them, Mr. Poland, what else could I do?"

"Ha! ha!" was the answer to this, and they laugh heartily all round, not regaining their gravity for some minutes.

"I started to introduce her."

"And I interrupted you, Aunty; pray forgive me."

"My dear little girl," was her aunty's reply; "one could forgive you anything."

"I trust I may not too soon give them occasion. Go on, please, with your description."

"Proud."

"True," said Mr. Poland.

"And has he something to be proud of?" asks the little witch.

"Yes and no. He has talents;

but they are not practical,writes beautiful verses and makes trips, and has great adventures."

"Go on with his character."

"He is moody, impatient,—

"Go on, please."

"Sensitive."

A little nod said plainly enough, "Go on."

"Skeptical, or at least uncertain of his opinions."

"Over liberal," puts in Mr. Poland, "believes that Catholics and Protestants and I don't know who, are all coming to the same end, only different ways—that the Bible and religion, as it is taught us, are all good, but are not all religion, and that a man's heart is a great source of

it and must be, adding its tribute as time goes on."

"You've placed him well, Mr. Poland."

"As far as you've got," said the little one, "I find no fault; I believe I'm of the opinion myself."

"For a niece, Mr. Poland, she can outtalk her Aunty any time of day."

"Go on now, Aunty; you have the floor."

"Hypercritical and uncommonly hard to please."

"Dear me!'

"Brave, generous, courteous, magnanimous—

"Stay, Aunty, if he have all those high qualities—

"Honest and true."

"If he have all those virtues you need never name his imperfections."

"I must introduce you. You would charm him if he would only look at you."

"If he will not look at me he may listen."

"What should you say to him?"

"I should say to him that character will one day reach its ideal and find its reward, if not in this life, then in the next."

"Hear her, Mr. Poland; does it not sound like what we have heard so often from the pulpit, from our lamented Dr. Clarke?"

"It does indeed; but somehow

or other, it sounds sweeter."

"Now, Mr. Poland, you have said so much about your friend, talk to me about yourself."

"Is'nt she a witch?"

"And she's so natural about it. Why, my dear, I'm old enough enough to be your—

"Ha! ha!"

They laugh all round and cannot regain their composure; and the sentence is left unfinished.

"Good-morning, Miss Talcott, I am very happy, indeed, to have made your acquaintance."

"Good-morning, Mr. Poland, and the same to you, sir." Elena follows him out.

"Isn't she?"

"Isn't she—a little dear?"

"You must call often, Mr. Poland; you might do—

"Joking aside, Mrs. English, I have told you my mind. There is one woman sails ever above me, like a white cloud."

"And as unapproachable."

"It may be true."

"You have learned to be practical, you were just telling me. Now, to be practical—

"Perhaps you are right; you need say no more. I must go by myself and think—but thinking doesn't do it. I have thought it all out. I am in love, and the object of my affections is herself in love with Henry Munro."

"He about as good as saved her life.

And saved her property," Elena goes on, but he interrupts.

"You know and I know she was in love with him long before that."

"When he was poor, sick, and discouraged."

"As he is now; and he need not be any one of those things."

"What is your theory of such cases?"

"I haven't any, unless it be the power of Nature, which great natures feel to be most irresistible."

"What was there ever in Fannie Tiverton?"

"I'll tell you what there was," said he; "Henry has glaring

faults of character and cannot overcome them. She was his opposite, however selfish and insincere. He wants to please; and she pleased him and everybody, at least strangers and those who did not know her too well. I do not speak of her as she is now. She could hardly please anybody now—with her waist—why bless me—and three chins."

"Yet he is unchanged."

"He is unchangeable and unsatisfied."

"Celestine is too good for him."

"He would be the first to tell you that," said Poland, "if, indeed, he has not had occasion to

tell her already. One cannot be jealous of such a man. Sometimes I think, however, I'll make a bold stroke, and cut, if possible, the Gordian knot and bring the parties to an explanation!"

"You three, you mean."

"I do. If they two wed, I'm satisfied. Otherwise, by right, she should take me."

"How will it do to introduce him to my niece."

"Little Miss here? You have my consent. She is worth a dozen Fannie Tivertons in her own right."

"In every respect."

"In every respect. But my heart misgives me. We shall

find we are dealing with stronger natures than we know anything about."

"Mr. Jack!"

"I mean it. I know you are a dear, as good as gold; and no one knows it better, but your husband, than your friends."

"I have had to eat more flattery today—

"That arch little niece is a flatterer; but I am telling you solid truth."

"Solid!" says Mrs. E., surveying herself, "a hundred and sixty pounds—

"Of gold."

"It *is* pleasant, my dear, to have friends, and be well thought of," she says to her niece.

"It is a pleasure you have, Aunty, every day in the week. You had a long argument in the entry."

"He is in love, Flossie."

"And with whom?"

"Celestine."

"Dear me, the friend you were telling me about. I must see her, to see what she is made of. And she?"

"Well, she—but chicky, look quick!"

"To whom were you bowing?"

"That was Henry Munro."

"And he didn't come in?"

"He will if I send for him; otherwise his visits are too infrequent."

"I didn't see him."

"You looked the wrong way; he was going up street on the other side; but you shall see him, Flossie."

"You seem to have a very Select Circle, Aunty, of acquaintance. Do they all think as much of you as Mr. Poland?"

"Jack Poland? Why?"

"I overheard the words, 'solid gold'."

"You little witch. You shall be shut up in a gilt cage, and only shown a little while at a time."

"I can't sing enough to fill a cage."

"You can talk like Poll P."

The doorbell rings and a lady

carefully dressed, with a pure, sweet face, and a cloud of golden hair, Celestine, in short, is ushered in and gently and quietly introduced.

"Celestine, my love, my little niece, Flossie."

"Talcott," says she.

"You very much resemble your aunt, my dear; I have often heard her speak of you."

"Not 'solid gold'," said Flossie, under a reproving glance from her aunt, "I am only flesh and blood; but you," she went on, "have a crown of gold, fine spun, and bringing in with it the sunlight."

"She is a flatterer, Celestine; she flatters me."

"My little dear," said Celestine, "I am sure you mean well, and want to be kind to your Aunty's friends."

"You are unhappy." Mrs. Elena has excused herself a minute.

"Not very, my chick."

"That is just what Aunty calls me. Should you not like to look at my book of photographs of friends and schoolmates in California?"

"Very much indeed." As Flossie goes after it, just as Elena returns, she murmurs to herself. "No wonder about Mr. Poland. I am in love with her already, myself."

Lunch is announced; and the

hostess remarks in assigning Celestine the place of honor, "How much, my dear, you look like your mother!"

A gold locket is unclasped that hangs at her neck, and Celestine shows the portrait of a lady to the guest from California.

"How elegant and noble!" is the exclamation; "but there is another side to this locket."

Celestine has replaced it with a smile. "Another dear friend."

"Is he dead?" asks the young girl, getting the sex by a quick intuition.

"No, my dear," said Celestine; and their attention became absorbed immediately, to all ap-

pearances, by the pâté de foies gras.

"Don't ever pit me against her," she says when Celestine has taken her leave. I am a child beside her. She is perfect."

"I'll pit you, my dear, against the original of her locket."

"Nothing unfair, Aunty, and all above board."

"Nothing unfair. Only act yourself and never fear. I only want everybody to be happy."

"Why Aunty, I'm happy all the time; and I know you are."

"I believe I am."

It was an evening party at Mrs. Elena's and succeeded better than most evening parties, in that every one present became

acquainted with every one else. There was the usual rattle and a good supper; but somehow, as they went to bed late, and Flossie threw her arms about Elena's neck with a good-night kiss, the feeling of both found voice in her remark, "I'd rather have a cosy chat in your parlor or a walk round the square with a friend or two, than to stand up seventeen hours at a reception, talking all the time—and *saying* nothing." They were children of Nature, although Mrs. E. was a child no longer.

Mr. Munro, of course, had to call; and Flossie—for Elena was sick or thought she was—had a fair set at him. She was

not a woman, however a child, to waste words or opportunities.

"I have made many striking acquaintances; but Celestine is the finest woman I ever saw."

"She is indeed a fine woman."

"You do not see her as I see her; if I were a man I should be over head and ears in love with her. I am in love with her, indeed, as I am.

I would have her portrait in my locket. Whom has she got in hers?"

"Her mother's."

"Whose else?"

"I do not know."

"Then I'd find out. Mr. Munro, I want instantly a sonnet acrostic, for my own name.

They say you can do it; and here is paper." She holds him out a block of dainty sheets with a monogram engraved on them, F. T.

"But Florence Talcott is a letter too long, fifteen; and a sonnet can have but fourteen lines to it."

"Then make it Flossie," said she with a snap and a bright little smile, putting the paper into his fingers. He resisted no longer, but took the pencil and with steady hand began:

"Flow gently, thou sweet burden of my song,

"Like— and then he wrote the initial letters straight down the page, and went at the task,

smilingly superintended, like a machine, and had it finished in ten minutes.

"They told me true," said the little witch. "I did not believe any one could have done it." And having thus gained his confidence, she sat beside him and plied him, and smiled on him, and let him talk—and he did talk and unburdened himself to her till it grew dark. He was quite frank. "I don't know when," said he, "I have had such a pleasant hour."

"Please come again," was all she said.

"He didn't know when he had such a pleasant hour. He is a kind, good man," said Flossie

to her aunt; but why they laughed, such a ringing laugh as the little girl had, and her aunt echoed, well—it was *two* hours.

"What is all this high racket about, my children?" said Reuben, just coming in.

"It is at my expense, dear uncle, and Henry Munro's," said the little pet. Explanations followed, and they all laughed again.

"You are the first woman ever did draw him out, since one of old."

"Why, uncle, I am only a little chick."

"You know more, all the same, than we old birds."

A pout followed across the

table, which was happily made up.

They asked Henry Munro to ride out with them in a two-seated buggy and he drove the horses while Elena sat behind. Flossie's get-up was perfectly fascinating, and she herself was full of life, almost bounding out of her seat beside Mr. Henry, to give emphasis to her speeches, turning to her aunt, and quite astonishing and delighting them both. Reserve, indeed, was cast to the winds. He had passed them some flowers, and hers had been a sprig of heliotrope, which she had fastened at her breast. "Heliotrope means,"

she said, half turning and speaking to her aunt, with a sudden spring forward, "heliotrope means, *I love you.*" The horses suddenly hesitated at something in front of them, and Florence would have gone over, losing her balance, into the road, but the strong arm had suddenly seized her, and held her for a moment to his breast. Then she got her breath and sat down quite still; and Mrs. Elena said nothing. "You are not hurt?" he asked, knowing very well that she was not. "Not a bit." She was a little wee bit frightened, was very demure the rest of the way, and thanked him very kindly and properly, and her aunt, at the

end of it for her drive.

"I didn't know, Aunty," she said, "why we shouldn't have a good time; I wouldn't trifle with him for the world."

"I don't know any one that wouldn't have a good time with you," was the reply; "as to trifling with him, I only wish—I mean, I am afraid you will not have a chance."

"We did have a good time."

"That we did, my dear."

It was a bright cavalcade that clattered up the avenue a few days later, Celestine first, on a bounding chestnut, erect and slight, with such a high courage, a golden vision, with

a touch of red which was all they wanted on her fair cheeks, and a new light of joy in her eye. Henry beside her, a neck behind, was holding down Testy, the black mare, whose spring was as true and steady as a machine, his toes and his elbows sticking out a little too much, but his body a part, to all intents, of the beast. Florence, behind, with her beaver hard down over her forehead, and her cheeks, if one could find any fault with them, a little too red, all black and red, and a wicked look in her eye, was all in a bunch on the black Topsy, a dainty pony. The exhibition was not becoming to her;

as she did not need any one to tell her. Jack Poland, beside her, rode his own horse, an easy loper, with conscious grace. Mrs. Elena behind, a good horsewoman, on Betsy, a stout mare which caught her every word, was first beside Florence and then next Jack. "Never mind me," said she to him; "take good care of Flossie. I know old Bet. Don't we, Betsey?" as the mare pricked up her ears. As she fell behind Flossie the black coachman on a lean gray, with a dry trot, made up the square of two by three.

They came back through the space by the Providence Depot. The crowd opened before them.

The horse cars were passing, when suddenly a wild cry rose and a limp figure, a little fruit vender, was lying helpless beside the track. Celestine was on the ground in an instant. "Stand, Beauty," said she, throwing the bridle upon the horse's neck; and the next instant she was bearing the poor little shrieking body like an angel in her spotless arms, a heavenly pity in her blue eyes and firm set lips, to the sidewalk. Henry had wheeled at the same instant and was out of sight. Florence was palpitating with excitement, holding her purse in her plump hand. Before the four could recover themselves, Celeste had

mounted, unaided, her loyal horse, which had not stirred a foot since she had commanded him, and Henry had brought a doctor and put the poor boy in a place to be cared for, and remounted beside her, and the square, reformed, was leaving the street. "I've done it," said Florence to Elena as they dismounted. She had emptied her pocket-book. "I've given the gold piece that Will gave me to remember him by, an old English guinea. It serves me just right. I ought not to have taken it, and will write him and tell him."

"John can redeem it," said Mrs. English, taking from her

pocket a ten-dollar bill; would any one know it?"

"It was six-sided; but no, never mind; there is an end to it."

"I cannot see why he does not appreciate Celestine." They were speaking of Henry, Mrs. English to Reuben.

"It is the animal that draws him. Fanny had it; and Celestine is too spiritual."

"But Henry is such a noble fellow."

"He is not conscious of it. It is Nature uniting body and soul. Is he not a fine specimen of physical manhood?"

"If he were only bright and

ruddy like you."

"He'd be bright enough if only properly mated. Ruddy like me! Color is nothing! he could throw me over his head."

"He ought to like Flossie."

"I think he does, if it were not for his fate, his own predetermination."

"He complimented Celeste. I heard him say, as he handed her down, that she looked like a picture."

"And what did she say?"

"She only smiled, a sweet, glad smile that would have turned an angel."

"How did Florence enjoy the ride, and Mr. Poland?"

"I heard her say that she knew

her hair and she herself was all in a muss; and indeed it was true. She has been half an hour arranging herself."

"How did you like Mr. Poland, Flossie?" he asks, as she comes down to dinner.

"An old poke! Uncle, I am hungry. I've rubbed the skin off," she whispers to Elena, measuring the space *on the palm of her hand.* Elena has a remedy; but she won't listen. "Who'll have beans?" she asks; and for half an hour they are jolly together. She makes a speech over the Roman punch, cackles like a hen, as the macaroons are brought in, and is wild with fun as Mr. Munro is an-

nounced, and comes in with an old gold piece in his hand. Her setting and surroundings give her every advantage, and he stands fixed with admiration and does not come forward till she addresses him.

"You need not have taken the trouble to return it."

"I thought, perhaps, it might be a keepsake."

"It was."

"And do you so lightly esteem a keepsake?"

His eyes were on her, and his soul, as seldom, was shining through them. She was caught and winced. The table was silent. He was waiting her answer. She was cornered, but got

out of it. She drew a little breath between half-set teeth, looking him straight in the eye.

"Yes, Sir," she answered. He was unbrushed and turned away, excusing himself, when she asked him what he had paid for it.

"Don't mention it," was his reply.

"It's of no use," said Elena as he went out, "to speak to him about money."

"I rather like him," said the girl coolly, "he means well; but he needs somebody to manage him. I wish that guinea was hung round—

"Why, Flossie!"

"Look out, Flossie, what you are saying," puts in the husband.

"He is suspicious," Reuben goes on.

"He has been taught it," says Elena.

"He has no reason to suspect *me.*"

"I told you," said Elena, "that he had faults; and you would not let me enumerate them."

"You held up the sun and wanted my eyes to perceive the spots. Murder will out. That piece goes back to William to-night and will get me into no more scrapes."

"Unless with Will."

She was whistling a bird note which is often heard about night-fall in rather wet places, and has given a name to the bird.

"Flossie means well," said Uncle and Aunt, repeating the words over to each other with half-approving side glances at her—"but —

"She is too bewitching."

"She only tries," said Flossie, "to be agreeable."

"She doesn't need to try," was her uncle's reply, looking at *her;* and his wife caught it and looked —"She is that without trying."

"I was thinking what he said to me," Flossie went on, "in that two hours' talk, 'A friend's real worth is not always appreciated' —by everybody, he ought to have added."

"By the right one."

"That's what I mean."

"Good-by, Mr. M.," added the little beauty, kissing her hand to the vacant doorway.

"I think William's chance," said the husband, "is pretty good. He is very shrewd; he gives her rein, but he never lets go his hold on her."

"He knows too much," said his wife, "to follow her East."

"He is young."

"He's of age, just two years older than she."

"Not poor."

"On the contrary." And they looked about them and at one another and smiled.

"That's where the romance comes in," added the husband.

"Then we never had much."

"We have what we want. We love one another."

"Romance, sometimes, my dear," as she passed him and kissed him, "may mean disappointment."

"It always does, I think," was his reply.

The Question came up in the Select Circle, as hard questions will (come up once and again), why Fannie had chosen the man she had chosen.

He had thirty thousand.

"I should want more than that," Flossie said reflectively, "for my left little toe."

Had a small foot (she had told Elena). "Two," spoke up Poland, "just small enough (*he* had two) for so small a figure of a man."

"He was reputable enough," said Celestine—"Who isn't?" Reuben broke in; and his wife added, "Had never done anybody any good or harm."

"And a good dancer," from Tommy."

But Fannie née Tiverton didn't dance.

"Why didn't *you* try for her?" put in Poland, and Celestine smiled as Tommy got up with the remark, "It may not be too late!" and started to go. If Celestine didn't nobody did.

"While there is life," she half whispered, echoing his answer—and they all rose as she left the room. "Great goodness!" said Florence— "Look out Flossie," said Reuben, and Elena, "Flossie! what you are saying," who was fain to be content, as she sat down again, with the conjecture, which nobody challenged, that Henry knew more than the accepted suitor about his own, the said suitor's, particular trade.

"Henry told me himself, at a philosophical tiffin" (to which word Henry had become addicted, having brought it back with him from Calcutta), Reuben repeated, "that our race

division into mankind and womankind, although correct in individual cases, was defective. He knew of a wider classification: into Mankind and Womanunkind; into Manunkind and Womankind."

The Wit was too dry and strong for the circle. Nobody laughed. Elena dared look at only her husband, he looking at her, the others afar; and the discussion stopped like a duck on the smooth surface of Lone River when, with its mate sitting next it unconscious, its head is shot off.

"There is one thing," said Florence to Mr. Munro, who had

come to call before her departure, the next Monday, "in which I believe you misjudge me; but I cannot explain it worth a cent."

He was dumb; but his eyes opened with a great wonder.

"But another thing I *will* tell you, Mr. Poland has asked leave to write to me; and I have told him yes, occasionally, so long as he confines himself for the present, to general topics and matters of interest to the Select Circle."

"A pretty broad permission."

And then she blushed and had nothing to say. "I meant— she started.

"You meant right; I am sure, and always have."

"I thank you, Mr. Munro," she answered, and they shook hands. "If you should ever come to California—

"I should be very happy," said he, as he went out.

"How do you like my niece?" asked Mrs. Elena in the entry.

"A sweet little woman. She will make somebody very happy."

"She might have made you."

And he went off in a kind of a daze.

"He is a good man," said Florence, "and I could like him, if he would let me, but very peculiar."

"What did I tell you?"

"Imagination is all very well, and I have a share of it myself; but somehow, when it comes down to the realities—

"Of every day life—

"You want some one you can get along with."

"He is not very brilliant," Flossie added, "but deep."

"A great, rough, sharp-edged, uncut diamond."

"Which nothing but a diamond ever will polish."

"Celestine."

"Is a sapphire—

"For me," she added, "I am brought out, all there is to me, and show to advantage; I shall never be any brighter. I would give something, though, to recall

my answer when he looked at me once with his heart in his eyes, you remember the day, when he wanted to know if I didn't value a keepsake."

"What would you have said?"

"That depends entirely on whom it came from."

"He shall have your answer."

"On your own responsibility. What did you tell him in the entry?"

"That you would make him happy."

"My father would thank you."

"You might thank me yourself, my dear; I don't keep open house and bring couples together to pass the time. Look at me and Reuben—"

"Well," said she, with a sigh, "the Lord knows you mean well, and are a dear Aunty; but I feel it within me, I am not large enough for him."

"And Celestine?"

"Is not long lived. He will live to be old, and his old love. Look at his frame; and did you not notice *her* in church? Those who sit down tall and stand up short, they say—

"Why, yes, my dear; how observing you are! But here comes Tommy. You shall have the parlor, Mr. Bellows, to bid Miss Talcott good-by."

"I thank you, Mrs. English."

Munro is literary editor, with

a small salary, of a leading daily. It has not been stated; but the reader must know that he had some way of earning a living.

Florence at the seaside has met Mrs. Twitchell, Fanny, once Tiverton, and been introduced, and is sitting beside her at dinner.

"Have you been in Boston, Miss Talcott?"

"Once only, a quiet visit to my relatives, last month."

"Were you asked to the governor's reception?"

"We were not."

Mrs. Fanny in a minute had named over a dozen Boston people of society and inquired if she knew them.

"I had heard several of the names you mention."

"How sweet you are looking!" she says, taking another tack.

"It is my duty to my friends," said Flossie, "to look as well as I can."

"I think you find it also a pleasure, thinking of conquests, past and future."

"I want to be happy, and make my friends so. One who conquered the world was still unhappy."

"The man you are speaking of was of my opinion; for he sighed for something more to conquer. Position, society, is what we live for. Do you know, my dear," said Fanny, half leaning over

her—her eyes too were gray blue and something swam in them that Florence felt near her, but was unaccustomed to—"I was once myself as pretty as you." She was sitting much higher, corseted tight; but her wrists told the story, her heavy cheeks and long-lobed ears.

"You were more imposing."

A gratified smile sat on her face as she turned to look full at Florence.

"Did you see Mrs. English, Mrs. Reu—

"She is my aunt."

The elder woman looked at her now with a fixed smile which told nothing but was one long question, no sign of emotion, a

look that seemed to be reading her through; and Florence braved it without answering further, but was getting redder and redder under it with a kind of indignation at herself, till Mrs. Fannie with a conscious air of self-composure rose and slowly sailed down the aisle and past the obsequious proprietor at the entrance.

Florence draws a long breath, "I am no match for that woman," to herself.

They sat there next day and Mrs. T. had not spoken till without warning, "I hope Mrs. Reuben does not think unkindly of me."

"If that is a question, I will answer it with another," said the

little one. The sphinx look came again into the widow's eyes, but she waited patiently, all attention.

"Were you ever a friend of Henry Munro?"

The sphinx waited, half smiled, with a deprecating look, and answered, "Have you any right to ask?"

The two women turned and rose together; and, for a wonder, it was hard to see which was the taller, only Mrs. Fanny had evidently very high heels. Which was the redder was the next question, for a moment. Florence, at first, might have taken the premium, but the widow's blush was the more fixed.

"We shall meet again," said she, smiling graciously, "you must come to see me in my room."

"I leave to-day; you are very kind," and as Mrs. T. went unconcernedly smiling past her smiling acquaintances of escorts and dowagers, the wicked look came again into the little one's eyes, as she said to herself, "I think that shot told."

"She has all his depth (in her own room) and matches him well—but it is of a different kind. What am I, indeed, between two such people? Only a child. I just know enough to tell the truth."

"And that, indeed, is a great deal."

"Why, Papa!" said she.

"I couldn't come earlier."

"I will go down with you again to dinner."

"And read this letter from your Aunt Elena."

"Do you like Mrs. Twitchell?" writes Mrs. Elena.

"One can't dislike her; but that look that she gives one, it is like what you read about—she almost gloats over you—it seems as if I were sitting beside some man. I wouldn't be like her, but I don't know, I don't want to be wicked—but I should just like to have Henry at my feet one minute."

"He doesn't like that in her, you foolish child," was the writ-

ten answer; "he owned to Reuben. But he says it is Nature, harms nobody, not him certainly, and she can't help it; he had to excuse it. But that, my dear, was long ago, when Reuben and he were sleeping together, at our country seat, before we were married, the night of the party."

"She should take exercise."

"I know a little girl that too much horseback didn't agree with."

"She is no fool."

"Tut; you can't teach *her* anything."

"There is one other thing."

"I know; that *is* disagreeable at times."

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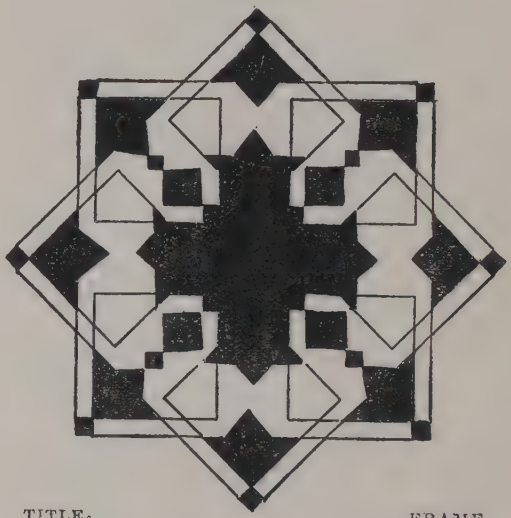

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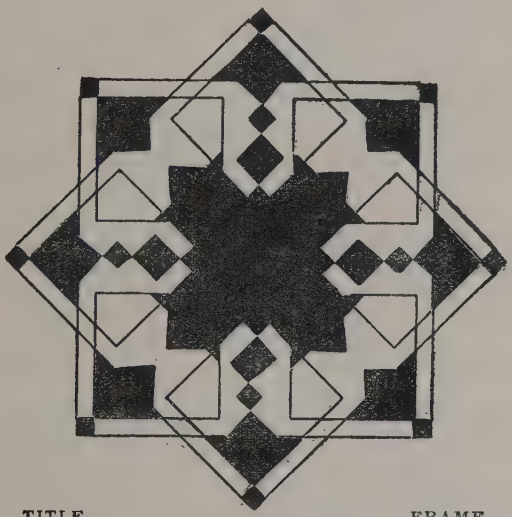


TITLE FRAME

Life is too short for story telling. What people say to each other is of most importance; and many things connected with this history have been necessarily left out. A letter came to Mr. Munro from California.

"My dear friend,

I want you for an usher at my wedding. You have no excuse; don't make any.

Yours,

F. Talcott."

They went on in the President's car the whole way, a delightful party, and Mrs. Fanny Twitchell was not invited.

"Henry," said Florence, the night before the wedding, "I can talk much plainer to you in

my own home. You would not have *me;* and as Mr. Poland and I are going to Boston, I shall punish you by keeping you away. Father wants a man ("that's what I mean," said she), a manager. Since poor Mother died I have been almost a partner with him; and he asked me the other day, 'Whom do you know who would take hold with me and help me keep this business together? stay on the place? He must be brave, firm, kind to the men, with a fair knowledge of men and things, honest, unapproachable, and self-centred. There are dark days and hours in this business he must live through. 'Father,' I

answered, 'I know just one man that you could hire of that description.' And then I asked, for I am a little woman of business, 'how much would you pay him to fill the bill?' 'If he were not worth ten thousand a year,' said Father, 'he would not be worth having; my interests are too large to be entrusted to an apprentice.' I thought if a newspaper office and travel about the world had not given you a fair knowledge of men and things nothing would, and I told him your character, and I knew it, was solid *as a rock*. There, Mr. Henry, I can't say more. Your office don't give you a tenth part of that, nor is there anything or

anybody to detain you in Boston. And if I am too blunt or have injured the grammar, you must forgive me."

He took the place, and he said he didn't know how to tell his gratitude (for once short of words).

"I don't want all gratitude," said she, her voice suddenly deep and low. He looked at her in wonder, but she looked up bright—not a word had been spoken, as their eyes met; and the sweet little girl looked him straight in the face and said, "I want all my friends, everybody I know, to be happy, and to make them so as far as I can."

"All the people you know are your friends."

"Do you remember what you once said to me, in what you were pleased to call a pleasant hour, that—

"I remember well."

" 'A friend's real worth is not always appreciated'—by everybody, you should have added. I want to be appreciated by everybody, *there!* but particularly by *you*. Are you satisfied?"

Poland came in and waited, She kept him waiting till she got her answer—He looked straight at her. She had him now cornered, and *he* winced; but his frame heaved and a great light broke out of his eyes, that of a true heart. "*No,*" he said, bravely; "not *half* satisfied, with

myself. I have been moping and brooding my life away, burdening my friends, neglecting the faculties, even the opportunities I possessed, while you have gone up and down the world doing good." Then Poland stepped forward and the warmest congratulations were renewed.

The mail had come in, the following morning, with Florence and Elena in the library. "My own initials, 'F. T.,' for Mr. Munro," said she with surprise. Mrs. English snatched the letter. "He shall not have it. It is Fanny Tiverton's hand." Flossie stamped her little foot, and

took it suddenly from her friend. "Does she dare follow him here?"

"She's a professor at gossip, and knows everything before it happens, acquaintances everywhere, knows his good fortune or has guessed it. She is a sharp woman, as shrewd as a thistle. I wonder she didn't come on the train."

"I am going upstairs," added Mrs. Elena. "I know nothing. I shall never speak of that letter again. But if I were you, I wouldn't deliver it. I'd accidentally—

"I had my plans," murmured Flossie, "for his future; but this woman (she was alone) means him no good; I'm sure we—

(holding the letter by the corner between thumb and finger as if afraid of it). A bright fire burned temptingly before her; but a form had come in and caught the last words beginning *"this woman."* She turned suddenly and confronted Henry.

"You have just saved me from a temptation."

"I will read it with you; you deserve my utmost confidence."

It was folded, stamped, addressed, with the last touch of neatness and the newest fangled etiquette of fine society.

"My dear friend,

Let me also rejoice in your great joy.

Sincerely yours,

Fanny Tiverton Twitchell."

There was not another word. Henry and she looked at one another in astonishment. "She thinks *I* am going to marry you," he found breath to say.

"She thinks no such thing," said the little girl, drawing herself up to her full height. "Mr. Munro, do you not understand that woman yet? Do you not know her for the most artful God ever made? She pretends to think what she writes is true. She *knows* she holds you in her chain. She knows your good fortune and she thinks perhaps to share it now or be ready to share it by and by. How do I know? She takes the *Saturday Evening Gazette* and said at

the table in my hearing she reads it regularly—and our wedding party was mentioned in the last number."

"Flossie," said he kindly, "what an observing little body you are. I remember now that was her old habit."

"Fudge!" said she, "don't you see the letter is equivocal? She could never be suspected of not being up in social news. That is her hand in that letter; she has reached it out and put it upon you."

"Florence!" said he in wonder; "you are the smartest little woman I ever knew; it is every word true, her hand, indeed,—and I can't help it."

"It is art," said Florence; "read the epistle! I warrant she got some one to compose it for her."

"Art," said he musing,—"hand *and*, art, *heart*, how much difference an aspirate may make. I wish it had been, indeed, her heart." He looked up. She had left him alone and he felt he had deserved it, took the missive and let it slowly fall into the fire.

When they met in the passage he looked her steadily in the eye and never said one word, and she gave a little nod with lips set firm.

"He destroyed it"—to Elena.

"How do you know?"

"I knew by his eye; and there

was a little smell of burning wax about the grate. It was the only letter in the mail that was sealed with wax, you know."

"Florence Talcott Poland (so soon to be), you have the sharpest perceptions of any woman, married or single, I ever knew. Have you a streak of the Aborigine in you?"

"You must ask Father. On the mother's side, I am clear white like you. My father has had me at his mines, you know; and pretty much all over California when I was little. You never saw my snakes!"

"Sna—akes!"

"They are not like some; they are in glass, and can't get out."

"For heaven's sake!"

Seed time and harvest have come and gone.

The scene changes now to Mrs. Reuben's house again on the tenth anniversary of her wedding. An evening party has assembled, and Henry Munro and Fanny Twitchell are among the guests. Insensibly, within half an hour, they drifted together.

He held out his hand. The other people seemed to fade out of sight. They were in a corner by themselves.

"Fannie," said he, "shall we try to close the gap of years?"

"I am too old," she said hoarsely.

"Not so old as I am by two years."

"Lacking a month, Henry, you wanted children—I am too old."

"I can't help that, and nobody knows—

She was suddenly still as if unconscious of his presence, her perfect composure coming all back to her, but repeating mechanically in a low voice, which she knew would reach his quickened ears—"AND AM NOT WORTHY"—she looked in his eye, smooth, statuesque, unruffled, although heavy of feature, solemn, serious, and for once in

earnest, perfectly balanced and yet recognizing his masterdom and height above her; she looked up at him as one might look at a mountain, and added—"OF A GREAT LOVE."

"I can't help that, either," was his reply.

Then came the day after.

"Celestine."

"Tommy."

"We are all there are left."

"Do you think, Tommy, after so long acquaintance—

"I never—

"I know it, Tommy, just what you would say. You were too true to me. I did think at one time I never could carry—but

one *other* image—(she takes her chain off)—in this locket; but he never knew it. You are the first person who ever has seen it. My mother is smiling—if you care you can change it." (She opens the locket.)

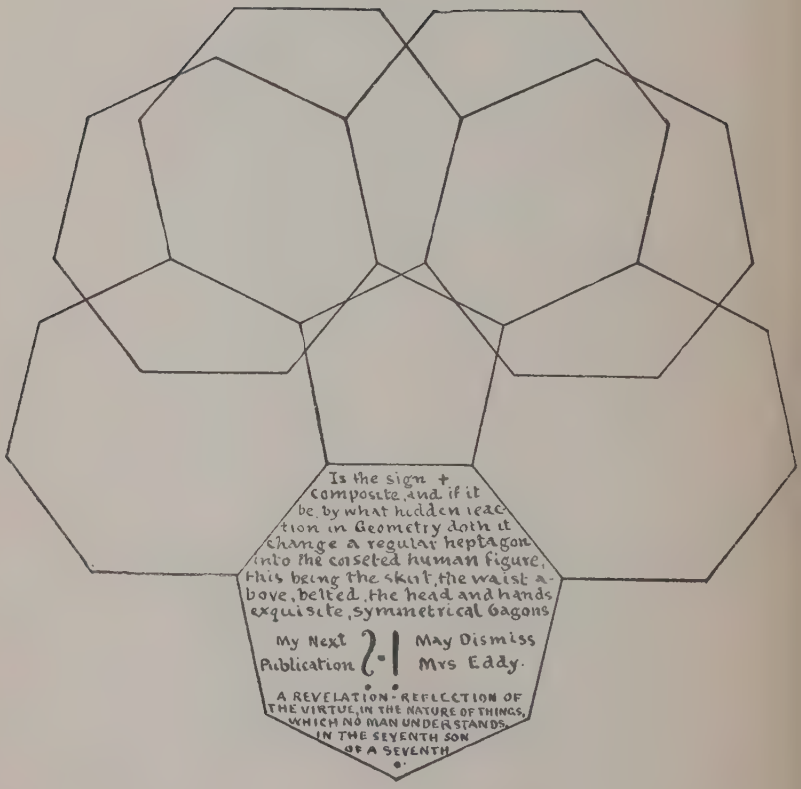
"And he never saw it?"

"No one knew I had it but little Flossie, who fathomed my secret without seeing it opened."

"When it comes to pure intellect, she's got it."

"And pure heart with it."

"Did you ever?" the participants said to one another; and everybody pronounced Mrs. Reuben's party a complete success. Mrs. Poland, indeed, put it to vote, the second day after, in the same spot, to the assembled members, to amend the name of their institution by striking out SELECT, and making it read A COMPLETE CIRCLE, which was carried unanimously amid a general uproar of cheers and laughter. "It was not complete," said Poland, "till you came into it," and she gave him a little twist of her chin sideways and glance of her eye. The rest applauded. And then they hugged and kissed her all round.


Is the sign +
composite, and if it
be by what hidden reac
tion in Geometry doth it
change a regular heptagon
into the corseted human figure,
this being the skirt, the waist a-
bove, belted, the head and hands
exquisite, symmetrical Gagons
My Next
Publication ?-!
May Dismiss
Mrs Eddy.
A REVELATION - REFLECTION OF
THE VIRTUE, IN THE NATURE OF THINGS,
WHICH NO MAN UNDERSTANDS,
IN THE SEVENTH SON
OF A SEVENTH

There are five periods, on which, of course, prose rhythm depends; two ascending, two descending, one concluding period, which ought to be numbered ↄ ◌ ◌ ↄ ◌. The first, next page, is the first ascending; the second, the first descending; the third, the concluding, Why? Because it is 25 (a multiple of 5) -syllabic. — PIERCE'S RHETORIC (unpublished).

Every ¶ is an answer to a question, that above being

WHAT
HY
HO ?

From "The Life-Romance of An Algebraist," by the same author.

"My design on the cover, with its regular lines and heart-like curves, symbolizes the flower of Love and Truth. The fruit developed at the centre (by continuing the lines) is a star, the emblem of Unchange."

The back die shows matched hearts; the wedges are circumstances, unable to force them apart, joined through this history in their crown.

In the monogram under, also octuple, *WITH* is understood, and *DESIGNS AND SONGS* (S used four times) reads plain enough.

AUTHORS' APOLOGY

It goes without thinking, that a natural manhood with rhythms running in his head, has *got* to versify.

My tassels are dusty and worn, T
My scabbard is broken and old; H
But my handle is good to withstand what it stood, E
And my ballad willingly sold: S
Carte, and parry, and tierce, W
Into the sight I pierce;— O
"Sonny is learning his part," R
Tierce, and parry, and carte. D

A Clock was it striking twelve? THE
Was another repeating one? SONG
At a window for show was a sabre or so, OF
A mother and tarrying son; THE
As each to th' espadas pressed, SWORD
The elder the youngster toward, T
It is safe to remark stood this couple to hark H
And was sung the Song of the Sword, E
Was said and was sung with true motion and tongue S
And shown up on a welcoming board. O
"Any questions propose to the scabbards in rows" N
I neither remark nor observed; G
But one answer of eight in the window was straight, O
Was straight and another was curved. F

With the selfsame poise and dart
Till my back was red with the stain of the said
And my beak was under his guard.
For saddening heavenly weal
I am good for an elbow, a toe,
I am good for a deal till my company wheel
For gladdening earthly woe,
Over, and over, and O!
And can hurry the field to a hundred yield
And a skull and a crossbone show:
But my scabbard was bent with no sanguine intent
By a fall of the horse we own,
And my edge to the end with the help of a friend
Has been bevelled afresh on a stone.

Over the trooper's blow
And under the guardsman's head
I swooped and swung till the same was hung
By only a human thread,
Over the trooper's head
And under the guardsman's go
I swung and swooped till his soul was hooped
With a sundered rib and a throe;
Into the standard's tierce
And unto the sergeant's carte
I straightened—Well, like a hawk of hell—
Till I met with a counter as smart,
With a counter as straight and as hard;
On to the captain sped

The clock was it striking twelve?
Was another repeating one?
Like the whirled in a dance was the world in a trance
Alike to the mother and son?
Like the whirled was the world
In a dance, in a trance,
A trance to the mother and son;
And each to th' espada pressed,
The elder the youngster toward,
As its dreaded rehearse welded dactylic verse,
The maddening Song of the Sword:
Carte, and parry, and tierce,
Tierce, and parry, and carte,
Into the younger's forehead I pierce,
And into the elder's heart.

On my beckoning blade is a legend inlaid,
From cadets in the kingdom of doom,
And my following hilt holds a treasure in gilt,
VIA ✕ MO✕STRAT, *the path to the tomb?*

Carte, and parry, and tierce,
Into the sight I pierce;
Tierce, and counter, and carte,
Choosing the parrier's part;
Unto the thinking brain,
Into the sinking breath,
I call again to the conquering pain
And add the favor of death.

F. 6 | 8. 1 | 1 1 1 1 1 1 | 3 0 0 1 | 1 1 1 1 1 1 | 3 0 0 1 |
do | mi re do sol fa re | mi re | fa mi re la sol mi | sol fa |

1 1 1 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 1 1 1 | 3 0 0 ‖
la fa re fa re si | la si do re do re | fa re si do re mi | do

THERE WAS AN OLD YACHT.

THERE was an old yacht for a day,
  There was an old yacht for the seas,
There was an old yacht for a streak and a dot
  When she stiffened her sail to the breeze.

THERE WAS AN OLD CAP.

There was an old cap for a race,
  With a challenger fresh from the Clyde,
There was an old cap for a watery gap
  That prevented *a turn of the tide.*

THERE WAS AN OLD CREW.

There was an old crew for a flag,
  There was an old crew for a prize,
There was an old crew and we counted it through;
  There was nothing surpassed of its size.

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN.

There was an old man for a date,
  There was an old man with a mind,
There was an old man made a ninety-foot plan
  That left everything floating be—h-i-n-d.

THERE WAS AN OLD CUP.

There was an old cup for a hall,
  There was an old cup for a State,
There was an old cup and we valued it up
  Far above all our family plate.

'TWAS A CUP AND A CAP.

'Twas a yacht and a cap and a cup,
  'Twas a cap and a cup and a slate,
'Twas a cup and a cap without airy mishap;
  And we spelled them all *NEVER TOO LATE.*

But climbing fast to meet the sun; la la, tra la, a
And match your Eastern day begun; la la, tra la; gain
We'll reach about, afar, around, la
Where glory grows on seas or ground la
Till teeming shores again resound; hurrah! tra
And lost Atlantis fair is found; hurrah! la

HURRAH! HURRAH!
HURRAH! RAH!RAH!RAH!RAH!HURRAH!

On our Reliance we relied; la la, tra la,
And saw no other sail beside; hurrah! hurrah!
Who'er is monarch of the seas
We'll jam ourselves against the breeze
And beat creation when we please; hurrah!
Imported knights and K. C. B.'s; hurrah!

The ocean serves some royal tars; la la, tra la,
But we survive among the stars; hurrah! hurrah!
And ne'er will turn their Union down
Till Yankee Doodle comes to town
To swap his eagle for a crown; la la,
And *thrice* forget his young renown; tra la.

Air
the
first
bars
of
when

John
ny
comes
march
ing
home

The British claimed the right of search
For every tarry traitor,
But showed their backs to Andy Jacks,
And published his laudatur.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, Dandy;
From widening board we lift the cup
To General George and Andy.

The Indians taught us troubles new,
Again the Barbary pirates;
Who's rightly next our hist'ry text
With blame and glory gyrates.

Our fathers framed a high resolve
  Agin the whole creation,
Vobiscum pax did not mean tax
  Without re-presentation.
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
      Yankee Doodle, Dandy;
    Brandywine's a hotter sup
      An' blood is thicker'n brandy.

And, joined together in the strength
  Of their unlucky number,
Fought *the* good fight for our birthright
  Whose sons the ground encumber.

The Cuban Spaniards drowned our flag
  In proud anticipation;
We found ensnared and left them spared
  To spell *retaliation.*
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
      Yankee Doodle, Dandy;
    The lion had an eagle pup
      With legs a trifle bandy.

And if you think the tune will bear,
  The same is my conviction,
Repeating when the day wants men,
  Receive the benediction.

A Latin country farther down
  Resisted our extension;
In following fights we seized their heights,
  And saw Nonintervention.
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
      Yankee Doodle, Dandy;

FIDDLERS

when you stop to sup
  you'll find the victuals handy.

If when you're spoken to you speak A
No word of love, but once a week M
Give us a quarter for our cheek, LU
Each nightly seer. NAM

I'll hie me to the under gloom L
Where man or maid U
Makes his own dust with hardly room N
To be afraid, A
Our mother's pain and father's joy M
And answer, Is it girl or boy?, AD
No longer penitent or coy, LU
Unyeared, undayed. NAM

IF I were not myself, fair moon, AD
I would be thou, LU
Forevermore a wayside boon NAM
To *Ayes* endow, L
A swelling, shrinking horn of praise U
For nineteen out of thirty days; N
And while I count the *Os* and *Nays,* A
Why can't you bow? M

Odzooks! there's room enough for two AD
This side the sphere, L
My light-irradiance and you— U
Get out of here! N

Which are of his device, sole, independent,	PIE
Heedless Venus or Mars in the ascendent,	CES
Till to babes half unborn, saints out of coffin,	OF
To father and mother, to childless and orphin,	FIF
Naught he can clamber to,	TY
Nothing so old or new,	HALF
Devil or Cæsar's due,	DOL
Teachers and scholars,	LARS
Else fills the ticket since letters began	QUAR
Spelling perfection (and figures) to man;	TERS
Fits hat and boots, jacket,	DIMES
Wristband and collars;	NICK
Fits the deep void *between*	ELS
Beautiful Dollars!	CENTS

HEARKEN attentive, fools, teachers and scholars,	BEAU
While I pour out to you Beautiful Dollars;	TI
Others may charm awhile,	FUL
Others your fear beguile,	DOL
Claim a tear, groan, or smile,	LARS
Teachers and scholars;	EA
Still His creationer whispers and hollas	GLES
Into the ear of God, "Beautiful Dolla[r]s."	DOUB
Heedless of heat or ice,	LES
Soul, heart, or human price;	HALVES
Tell it all over twice,	QUAR
Beautiful Dollars!	TERS

The go that hits the space in view S
May be half false or all too true; U
And mine, returned, though bright and new, F
For short, for long.

Your cook, no doubt, that kneads the dough F
And sets to rise
Must make her potencies just so, I
Or you despise
Her bake too salt, too stiff, too flat, C
For want of this or weight of that; I
Of yeast, flour, Indian, water, fat, T
Quantums suffice.

At Christmas let me dream of June,	Q
To be in time	
To catch the magazines that croon	U
The season's rhyme,	
In time the money-drops to catch,	A
O let me dream and let me hatch	N
A yearly out of season's batch	T
Of thoughts sublime!	
'Tis no, *because*, BECAUSE,	U
Or I am wrong:	
Editors know no, toe no laws	M
For prose and song;	

You send your impecunious joy N
To score a college high degree; G
He tops Fair Harvard, hapless boy, N
And proves their *s cum l, N. G.* O
His *nichts kommt heraus,* his *quantum suff,* G
His *otium cum* and *dolce far,* O
All means this side of heaven's enough O
High premium triumph, dear at par. D

A well applied, religous kick, N
Greek, Saxon, Hebrew, *one, two, three,* O
Will make a Polynesian sick G
And quite confuse his family. O

No Good! no good! applies to all, N
Whatever names our hopes we call, O
Our food, our heat, for boarders made G
By lady beat, and beds prepaid. O
The one that thinks that lodger's gas O
Is bad by nature, is an ass, D
To which the regulators grow, N
Against the bills, above, below. O

You miss your mistress; peeping in G
  Her ground-floor window, none you see; O
A voice proclaims from hordes of sin O
  Passing behind, "O that's N. G.!" D

Nor less nor more the greedy soul
That dodges hell with billion d
In adding also to the whole
Can read supremum, *sum,* N. G.

The guide's *asleep,* I cannot go
A camp ahead in either seat,
Our banker-friend has *trusted* Joe
With gallon can of Joy Complete.
We cruise up stream to find the Bear,
The Moose comes crashing down the b,
"He's yours, Dead Shot!" Upon the pair
A cartridge poops—"*'Twas damp, N. G.!*"

N
G
N
G

N
G
N
O
G
O
O
D

But when your missionaries stick O
To easy jobs across the sea D
He sharpens off a bone toothpick N
And votes their idle talk N. G. O

Him that assassinates ideas G
And dooms us to an unborn grave, O
Returns a woe too deep for tears, O
Too still a progeny to save. D

Napoleon on his single rock G
And pagan shored by Scylla's lee O
In balancing accounts of stock O
Could write considerable N. G. D

SING, CHILDREN, SING; an old man's wintering age SING
Is mostly in his bones, and limp, and crutch; CHIL
His heart is young, his blurred eyes read the page
Once half enjoyed, lamented overmuch: DREN
While suns are bright and nights are winged with sleep
Drink of the tide of life, but not too deep. SING

What ye are each he might have called again SING
To people, smiling, the forgetful ground, CHIL
To mingle, scramble, and be seen of men, DREN
Who journeys to the world that knows no sound:
There comes an hour when love is everything; CHIL
Resist its voice no more; sing, children sing. DREN

Your dollar comes *unmailed* with stamp,	N
In envelope addressed to me,	O
But hides from our electric lamp:	G
The boy was round, *and L—r-d.*	O
Who thinks with that the beggar list	O
Is half completed down to Z,	D
Takes my new pencil in his fist	N
And summarys *your* A B C.	O
The handy cause (this monograph	G
And more than less a rhythmic feat)	O
Is human nature—do not laugh!—	O
In mortal others more discreet.	D

Unconquered by the poisoned boom
  And yellowed glare of hell's device
  Across his boughten paradise
With blood and toil, he breasts the gloom
Where foemen, shouting, "Yours is Lost!"
Are at their own tremendous cost.

As One we worship walked the sea,
  Few humble followers to assure,
  He for his country's thraldom-cure
Hath trod a widened Galilee
Which Fear surrounding navies swim
While drowning Freedom trusts to him.

K
R
U
G
E
R

K
R
U
G
E
R

Sing, children, sing; the chiefest joys of earth, SING
Sun, moon, and stars, without, are free as fair;
The lesser circumstance that hems about CHIL
Us introduces to heart-eating care: DREN
While Want is strange and Joys are gathering wing
The sod repeats the skies' Sing, children, sing! SING

Ho all ye nations, ruling far K
Beyond the southern, eastern wave, R
Sustainèd by the strong, the brave, U
Whose close collected standards are, G
To far and next the idyl sing E
Of Kruger, men's uncrownèd king. R

And can fool a half a kingdom lying dead, AF
And they say that he and they can sleep in helldom RI
With a half a ton of di'monds on his head. CA

ALL ON BOARD LOST.

FRIENDS of our friends, who looked your last on day TO
And vanished northward from our Boston Bay, OUR
With human plans and manufactured time LOST
To match the might of pale November's prime, PORT
And all our maiden thoughts of force and form LAND'S
Against the midnight of his soulless storm, ALL
Reward our mourning watch, alive, asleep, ON
On cloudless shores or curtained by the deep. BOARD

THE British are in Orange hunting lions, THE
And have found one on the under Modder bank, LI
One old, shaggy, dull-toothed monarch and his scions, ON
Facing ever frontwards, backwards, and in flank; OF
And have had him for a season well surrounded SO.
With their dead and living officers and men, AF
But for reason o'er a continent resounded, RI
Still are shy about approaching in his den. CA

And they say his blows r hard and tracks are awful, TH
And the men that come to measure 've got to kill, LI
And the ones that want a bat at get a mawful, ON
Hurling tons of screeching iron at him still; OF
And the elder and the younger roar but seldom, SO.

Caught her twin dragon by his bristly napes LAND'S
And laid him dead himself betwixt the capes, ALL
Our Cod or Ann to choose, to count his bones, ON
Good burial sand and good memorial stones. BOARD

Perhaps in unseen oceans you have dipped, TO
Perhaps have answered whether far or near, OUR
Perhaps your lost beloved have eyed and lipped, LOST
Perhaps have added all you dreamed of dear, PORT
Perhaps, perhaps, one last, one large perhaps, LAND'S
In all our knowledge filled the awful gaps; ALL
Or breathless, cold, are wiser in your doom ON
Than friends' friends' friends' bold carriers BOARD
to the tomb. LOST

And if 'twould dim the sun's exulting beam, TO
Or dwarf the night, come back to ours in dream, OUR
To teach us, through its safe dimensions seven, LOST
And preach us all we've hoped, and more, of heaven, PORT
Of centred space where our great circles meet LAND'S
And triumph smiles on oft returned defeat, ALL
Where all the secret of unchanging time ON
Hath baffled ignorance in prose or rhyme. BOARD

Perhaps in steaming through our earthly shade TO
Where grim armadas muster and are made, OUR
Our filibusters you, or privateer, LOST
Drafted unconsciously, have vanquished Fear, PORT

That sounds from Sabbath hills, softer than touch
Of Eden's Eve, and if there dwelt in caves
The form of Fear, my soul hath walked them all
And matched it thrice.

DAY.

Unreal, unreal!

MYSELF.

But thy plumes, too, must soon be drawn away;
When I stood here thou wast not.

DAY.

Now I am.

MYSELF.

Thou travellest in state between two slaves,
Pursuer and pursued.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN MYSELF AND DAY.

(Written on awaking with the dawn, Feb. 5th, 1898.)

AH! Day.

DAY.

Arise, and use thy slowly opened sight.

MYSELF.

But—

DAY.

No *but* can stay my march, the sky submits.

MYSELF.

The land from which I come, have floated down—

DAY.

It is a land unreal.

MYSELF.

From which I come, had sweeter than the hymn

My past was present and my future nigh;
But broader far
O'er many a rood of fathomless abyss,
O'er death of hope and memories of the grave.

DAY.

My ranks of friends attending thy success!

MYSELF.

My mother and her man were kind again,
His love spake there, and e'en in wrath the words
From her sweet lips were manna to my own:
Say, canst thou give me back such friends as these?

DAY.

I give thee new, perhaps a neighboring hill
If not too nigh the iron rut of gain.

DAY.

I offer thee the world.

MYSELF.

For nothing?

DAY.

For labor, child!

MYSELF.

The world thou hast me snatched from was my own,
Had for the taking, without thought of pains.

DAY.

See my broad realm, its past and future hear!

MYSELF.

Shorter, I grant,

Your grudging customs I am pounded, fined,
If but a hair, a drop of blood, a horn,
If not, a lying native's greed, unbought,
Stand out accusing me,
Of what, Sir Day?
A world I've had,
Held by no generations of dead hands,
Like that thou offerest, for life against.
The one thou stealest give me back again.

DAY.

I'll give to-night.

MYSELF.

Give, and thy night be not too long delayed.

MYSELF.

I topped Mont Blanc with ease while thou wert far.

DAY.

I bring thee news with every morning's call.

MYSELF.

Bring less bad news; the world is thine, cross-hatched
With cords of title half way to the sky,
And down how deep? If, shunning laws, I seize
The haunted woods and walk therein, to drop
The windward carcass of the prowling bear,
The awful bull by midnight chance to face,
Or reach for eagles' booty or their brood
While the broad birds are reaching for the sky
On tapering spirals, when I cross again

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